Life of a
Tee

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# The Life Of A Teen

By pipix101

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# Table of Contents

1. the life of a teen; chapter 1 5

2. the life of a teen; chapter 2 17

3. the life of a teen; chapter 3 27

4. The Life Of A Teen; Chapter 4 35

5. the life of a teen; chapter 5 39

6. the life of a teen - chapter 6 47

7. Life of a Teen - chapter 7 57

8. Life of a teen - chapter 8 63

9. Life of a teen - chapter 9 69

Chapter 1

# the life of a teen; chapter 1

Chapter one

As I lay in my bed, I tried not to think about the day that was ahead of me, but it was just too hard for me to push out the thoughts that where trying to bombard their way into my head. It was Friday, the day of this terms annual school dance. It would begin at seven pm and end at eleven pm. As usual, I didn't have a date. It wasn't that I didn't try, but I guess guys just don't like me in that way. I was, yet again, on the decoration committee. I was responsible for the tickets tonight and I was dreading it. The only reason that I was even doing this stupid ticket duty was so that it would make my mom happy. She was one of

the popular girls when she was at school. She had had a gazillion friends and an unnameable amount of boyfriends. I had listened to so many stories of her youth when I was younger. She had always wanted for me to be how she had been - popular and filthy rich. I was filthy rich, but I wasn't popular. I wish I was, but I just wasn't. People didn't really like me at school. I had one friend, Vicky, and we where both just as unpopular as the other. That was why we where friends, because we were so alone.

'Erin! Hurry up or you'll be late!' my mother called at me from downstairs. I looked over at my alarm clock to see that it was seven forty-five. I would have to leave soon.

I had to literally drag myself out of my bed as its soft and fluffy pink and white feather pillows called to me. I had been dreading this day, but I had known that I couldn't stop the inevitable, and here it was.

I walked into my en-suit bathroom and looked into my mirror. I was about five foot. I had long dark brown hair that ran down to my shoulders. My eyes were also a dark brown and my skin a tan colour. I

was slim, about a size8. I had to admit, I wasn't exactly ugly, but then again I couldn't be pretty because if I was pretty, then I would surely have guys beating down the door, wouldn't I? At any rate, I didn't and my mum hated me for it.

After a quick shower I got dressed in my blue skinny jeans and green tank top. I had a jacket that I would wear over the top of it. I pulled my hair into a somewhat scraggy pony tail on the back of my head and made my way downstairs.

My mom was in our huge, industrial sized, kitchen. She was like one of those housewives that you see on those crappy sitcoms. She had fake nails and hair extensions and the most expensive clothes that money could buy, with French labels and everything! But she was happy in her fake little world, so who was I to tell her that which would make her unhappy?

'Good morning Erin.' My father greeted me. I liked my dad. He was a kind man. He and my mom had met and started dating in high school, and then got married when they were both 19. He was an

architect. In my eyes this was a very boring job, but he loved it. My mum loved it as well, but only because it was well paid. 'Sleep well?' he asked me.

'Yeah dad, I just wish I didn't have to get up.' My dad was about to say something but my mom interrupted him.

'Don't be like that Erin. Today's the day of the school dance. Just because you didn't get a date, doesn't mean that you should be all gloomy and unhappy - the dance is a good thing,' she chimed at me. 'But maybe if you wore some make up today then somebody might ask you?' she made it sound like a question, although I don't think that's what she had meant for it to sound like that. She tried to get me to wear makeup every day, but she just didn't understand that I didn't like it.

'Mom, don't you think I'm a little bit young for makeup?' I knew what her answer would be before she even said it.

'Of course you're not too young Erin! You're seventeen; I started wearing makeup when I was fourteen.' She was so persistent but she always had

been and I knew that no amount of time could change that. I grabbed a granola bar from the kitchen counter and turned to face my dad.

'I'm gunna go to school dad. Bye.' I said as I picked up my jacket. And with that I left for the short, five minute, walk that it took me to get to my school.

***

As I stood looking inside my locker, searching for my math book, I felt somebody tap me on my shoulder. I turned around to see my best friend Vicky, staring at me with a huge smile on her face. I couldn't help but wish that she had been my amazing dream guy, come to take me away from this awful place forever.

'Hey Erin!' she was practically beaming at me. Something good had happened, but I had no idea what. She was wearing a pink summer dress that went just down to just above her knees. It fit her perfectly and went well with her blonde hair and blue eyes. It fit her very nicely and it made me wish that I could get away with something like that.

'Hey Vicky, you look happy this morning. What's up? Did somebody finally get a huge wad of tissue paper and shove it up Jessica's - '

'- no, Erin, there was absolutely no shoving involved!' she always got so nervous when we spoke about Jessica, just in case somebody were to hear us. 'I'm just happy today, that's all. My mum said that you can sleep over my house after we do decoration committee tonight. Do you still want to come?' Vicky and I did everything together. Part of the reason was that we were such good friends; the other part was that we had no one else to do things with.

'Yeah sure, I'll tell my mom tonight. It'll be really good to get out of the house for something other than school.' Just then the bell rang, cutting our conversation short. After saying goodbye to Vicky, I made my way to math class.

I walked in just as the second bell was going to I ran to take my seat at the back of my class. Math was my least favourite class. It wasn't the math that bothered me, it was the fact that Jessica Cross sat at the desk next to mine. I hated Jessica. She liked to make my

life a living hell. When I sat down at my desk, I caught a glimpse of her glaring at me like a bad smell had just walked into the room. She looked to me just as I imagined my mom would have looked at my age - like she had just walked off of a catwalk show. It made me so envious.

My teacher, Mrs. King, began to teach us math then, while I daydreamed pointlessly. I dreamed about getting asked out by a guy I liked. He would pick me up at seven and drive us to the dance. We would dance all night and we would have so much fun. It might even end in a good night kiss! But I knew that it wouldn't. Suddenly the ball rang and interrupted my dreaming. I couldn't believe that it had been an hour already!

I stood up, slightly startled, and nearly ran straight into Jessica. I suddenly got this jolt of fear rush through me. It reminded me of when I would get told off as a child. It was an irrational fear, this was just some girl that happened to be pretty and popular, but that was it - she was of no real importance really.

'Hey!' she whined at me. 'Watch were you're going, you pointless piece of crap! Who do you think you are, trying to barge past me?' I hated her so much, I had never even done anything to her but be kind and polite, yet she still thought that she was allowed to bully me and boss me about. But the problem was that it was my natural instinct to just apologise and move on, as I was about to do, when I was interrupted by the most magnificent voice that I had ever heard.

'C'mon now Jess, it was just an accident. She didn't do it on purpose.' It was the voice of Ryan Mc'Callmac. I looked up to see his beautiful blue eyes looking down at me. He had a warm smile on his angelic face and his golden brown hair was ruffled slightly, but looked good still. I had to admit that if Ryan had asked me out, then I wouldn't say no. He seemed like the perfect guy to me. He was smart, popular and absolutely gorgeous, but I always imagined that he would have this magnificent sensitive side that nobody else really got to see. This was that side.

I looked over to the brunet Jessica. She simply lifted her head up, made a 'huff' sound and walked off. She was apparently trying to act like I was so below her that I wasn't worth her time, but I knew that she would have loved to have stayed and tried to bully me into doing something stupid or embarrassing.

I looked back to Ryan. 'Sorry about her,' he began in a very polite and friendly tone. This was why he was so much the example of the perfect guy. 'I know she likes to act tough, but she really isn't. I'm Ryan by the way,' he held his hand out and I shook it. I didn't know what to say. This angel was actually talking to me!

He looked at me for a second. I then realised that I must look like I had just seen a ghost, so I took his hand. His skin was so soft; I just wanted to hold his hand forever. 'Hi, I'm Erin.' I felt so nervous but then he said something that I did not expect.

'I know.' He looked like he had just revealed a national secret. When he saw my questioning look, he decided to tell me why he knew my name.

'Sometime the guys in soccer practice talk about you. That's why I know who you are.' He must have caught a glimpse of my face - I felt so downhearted - as he continued in a somewhat embarrassed tone. 'Some of the guys think you're hot. That's not a bad thing.' His cheeks began to turn red. 'I gotta go to class. See you at the dance tonight?'

'Yeah, see you.' I knew he hadn't asked me out, but it was so easy to imagine that he had. And he said that he would see me there. That must mean that he would talk to me, right. But that was stupid. Why would Ryan Mc'Callmac even want to talk to somebody like me? It made no sense, so he was probably just being polite, but I wished that he wasn't.

I was in total shock as the day began to pass me in a blur. I decided not to tell Vicky about this - I was too embarrassed. Was it just a stupid joke that Jessica had set him up to do? I knew the answer was that she probably had put him up to it, but I still couldn't help but feel flattered. In all of my life, nobody had ever said that I was hot. Not even pretty. And here this guy

that was so amazingly gorgeous himself had come up to me and told me that I was hot. And not just that, but he had said that the soccer team thought that I was hot. That meant a lot of guys. Even though I knew that it had to be a joke, I couldn't help but smile.

***

I arrived home to an empty house. My parents were both out playing tennis and I was glad to have a free house. I made myself some food - macaroni and cheese - and sat in front of the TV. I remembered that I was sleeping around Vicky's house tonight, so after I finished, I switched off the TV and went to pack my bag. The alarm clock at the side of my bed told me that it was six-thirty pm; so I picked up my bag and made my way back to my school, ready for the dance.

If you liked this and want me to write more, then please leave a comment below and give me a vote. If you don't like it please say why, or tell me how to improve.

All comments welcome.

Thanks for reading.

Xx

Chapter 2

# the life of a teen; chapter 2

Sorry it's short. I'm kinda tired and I have coursework to do. Enjoy.

chapter 2

I know that I said to my mom that I would be wearing the dress that she had bought for me, but it just seemed like such a waste. Why not wait for a special occasion? There may never be a special occasion, but I could always hope.

I arrived at the school at six-forty-five pm. The dance was supposed to officially start in less than fifteen minutes and I was running slightly late. I walked into the hall and put my bag into my locker for safe

keeping, before I went down to the gym to set up, but there was no need. Vicky had already arrived and set up the ticket desk just outside the gym.

'Hey Vicky, sorry I'm late. I just lost track of time.' I mumbled as I reached the table. I looked at her apologetically and I knew that I was forgiven.

'Its fine, Erin, gave me time to set up.' We took our places behind the desk as the doors opened and couples began to flood into the small hall, all eager to get on with the dancing, singing and generally having a good time - a good time that I could never be a part of. I sighed as I turned to the first couple. I took their tickets, stamped their hands and told them to proceed into the gym. I carried on stamping people's hands and telling them where to go for about ten minutes when I was greeted very unwelcomingly by none other than Jessica. She looked gorgeous, of course, in a flowing pink gown. It came to just below her ankles and I could see the toes of a pair of silver shoes. They were gorgeous as well.

The dress seemed to flow down her body as if it were some kind of pink water that kept on flowing, yet

never touched the floor. It was just so beautiful. She looked at me with a sneer on her perfect face and I could not help but wish that I had been born as beautiful as her.

'Are you going to take our tickets or what?' she asked me in a tone that was so full of hatred and malice that it made no sense coming from a girl that was only seventeen. You would have thought that I had tortured her for days, the way that she stared. I looked down to her hand and took the tickets that I hadn't noticed her holding out for me to take. I stamped her hand quickly, trying not to be to hard. I then stamped the hand of her date. I looked up to see whose hand I had just stamped, and whose hand belonged to the next victim of Jessica's cruel might. I was surprised when I looked up to see Ryan looking down at me. He looked at me apologetically - probably for Jessica's behaviour - and he even looked uncomfortable as Jessica very forcefully linked arms with him. I watched as her sneer turned into the most intimidating smile that I had ever seen.

'So, Eril is it? Where exactly do we need to go?' she looked at me as if she knew but only wanted to make me say it for her benefit. I wish that I had said something smart or funny to impress Ryan pr make her like me better, but I didn't. I merely babbled incoherently for a while until Jessica got bored and laughed at me. 'You know what? Don't bother with it. I can see that you clearly don't have the brain cells to tell us where a simple room is. We'll find our own way.' And with that, she made her way to the gym, without so much as a look back at me.

I couldn't help it. She just made me so nervous. I wanted to go and cry in the corner of the gym, but I knew that I couldn't. 'She' would be in there, so I just carried on with my ticket duty.

***

It was nearing eleven o'clock and I heard the DJ turn the music off. I had been sitting here for the last four hours just thinking about my life in general. I also thought a lot about what Ryan had said to me at school earlier today. I knew that it must be a joke, but could it really be? Was he really cruel enough to

make me feel like that? My musings were interrupted, however, by the sound of opening doors. I looked up to see the students dispersing from the gym. They all seemed to huddle around each other, so no matter how hard I tried to I couldn't find Ryan in the crowd. I did see a very loose looking Jessica, but my search for Ryan was in vein.

I finally decided to give up my search and to pack up as the last few people left the gym. I didn't know why I was searching so frantically for him, but either way, I wanted to see him for some completely unexplained reason. It was stupid, but I still searched.

I folded up the legs of the desk, before carrying it into one of the unlocked art rooms. I placed the desk in the corner of the room, knowing that somebody would put it in its correct place in the morning, but for now, I just wanted to find Vicky and get out of here.

I had thought that I was totally alone, so it sent a terrified shiver down my spine when I felt somebody's hand touch my shoulder. I turned around

quickly, bracing myself for any impact of an attack, when I was pleasantly surprised by Ryan's voice.

'Whoa, sorry, I didn't mean to startle you.' He began. At first all I could think about was the fact that I was alone in an empty room after school with the guy that I, well, was very fond of. I looked at him and he apologised at me with his eyes, before grabbing my hand and pulling me over to the side of the room, and into a table. We sat looking at each other in silence for a little while, until I could no longer stand the silence.

'Ryan, what are you doing here?' I asked. I really didn't know what he expected from me, but I was very flattered by the looks that he was giving me.

'Can't I just show you?' he asked, before he did something that I had not expected. He leaned in and placed his lips on mine. He put his hand on my cheek and pulled away to look at my face. I was just so confused and flustered that I didn't know what to say. He looked at me and, since I was so lost for words, I just smiled up at him shyly. He took this as the answer to his unasked question and simply leaned in

to kiss me again, but this time more roughly and with a lot more passion. Our lips intertwined as he softly - yet slightly in a slightly more needing way - caressed the back of my neck while our lips moved in sync with each other. I needed to come up for breath, so I leant away, but he only moved to my neck. I was so dazed. I loved his smell and his touch and his taste was just unbelievable! As his lips moved back to mine, his hands moved down to my waist. I had never so much as kissed a guy in my life, and now I was making out with this god of a guy.

His hands moved to the button of my jeans and he undid it before undoing my zip. That's when it hit me. What was I doing? And why was he so insistent. I needed to stop this and stop it now, this wasn't right.

'Ryan, stop. Ryan, STOP!' I shouted when he continued. He looked at me confused. 'This isn't right, and you know it.'

'Oh c'mon, baby! This is what you want!' He wined, but I moved off of the desk and did my jeans back up. Then his face turned sour. 'So that's it? You get me all worked up like that for nothing? You're such . . . a . . .

a . . . BITCH!' he shouted at me. I hadn't noticed before, what with all of the excitement, but he was drunk. He stank of alcohol, he slurred his words and he looked like he was about to pass out.

'Ryan you're drunk, go home. I'll see you on Monday.' And with that, I walked out the door and nearly ran straight into Vicky.

'You ready to go?' she asked me. I had completely forgotten about the slumber party and I really wasn't in the mood. I wouldn't tell Vicky about what had happened. She didn't need to know and it would only make Ryan feel bad anyway.

'Yeah' I replied, somewhat reluctantly. 'I'll just get my bag and we can go.' I grabbed my bag from my locker and we got into Vicky's mom's car and went to her house.

If you liked this and want me to write more, then please leave a comment below and give me a vote. If you don't like it please say why, or tell me how to improve.

All comments welcome.

Thanks for reading.

Xx

Chapter 3

# the life of a teen; chapter 3

Yet another short chapter - sorry guys!!! I'm sitting listening to three days grace so I'm in a bit of an angst filled mood. Lmao - Enjoy!

Chapter 3

Okay, so I get that Ryan was kind of a jerk back then, but he was under the most unfathomable influence of alcohol. Could I really blame him? He had been nice to me. But could he have just been nice to me because of this? Was this just some entirely cruel dare from his friends or even worse *gulp* Jessica?

It was all too much for me as I sat in Vicky's bedroom. It was very big and very pink. Not really to my tastes, but I didn't mind that at all. I just loved

to get out of my house for a change.

I had realised on the way here, that this really was the best place for me. I had just wanted to crawl under my duvet and cry until all the tears that I had had already been shed. But that wasn't what was best. I had decided not to ell Vicky - it had seemed to private at the time - and I was sticking to my vow of secrecy. I would only tell Vicky if I had another problem with Ryan at school - for example, a gloating Jessica of football team. And as for the football team thinking that I was hot, how could I not tell her?

I grabbed my pyjamas from my bag and went to get changed and brush my teeth in Vicky's bathroom.

Vicky's house was a lot smaller than mine, but I liked that - it made me feel even more normal than I had ever felt. I was considered two different things at the same time. On the one hand, I was the rich girl whose daddy was a very well paid architect and whose mommy was a very rich and beautiful woman. On

the other hand, I was considered the little boffin that sat in the corner of her class and got her head down - a complete geek. But how could I be both? Well, I seemed to manage it just fine.

After changing and brushing my teeth - there really wasn't much point, Vicky and I were planning on eating a LOT of chocolate! - I went back into Vicky's bedroom. She sat on her bed, already changed, and holding a pile of CD's.

'So I figured we could put some music on? My mom just announced that she was going to be going out with some friends tonight so we can be as noisy as we want!' she stated somewhat proudly. 'She also left us some money to order a pizza' and to this, I smiled. I loved pizza. It was yummy, warm, melt-in-your-mouth, cheesy goodness. Great, here I am, pondering over the ramifications of pizza!

'Sounds great,' I replied.

Vicky smiled at me before picking up a CD and putting it into the CD player. I sat on Vicky's bed and let out an inaudible sigh as the words of Muse began to fill my ears.

'Are you okay Erin?' Vicky asked me outright. 'You just seem kinda . . . down lately.'

'No, I'm fine' I replied with a quick but convincing little white lie - what could that hurt? I put on the most convincing smile that I could muster and sat perfectly still as Vicky examined me with her eyes, probing for the truth. 'Really, Vicky, I'm fine. But there was something that I wanted to talk to you about actually,' I began, trying to take the attention from my bad mood - and it worked like a treat!

'Really - what is it?' I saw her eyes brighten to a lighter shade of her already sparkling blue eyes. Me and Vicky really did love a good bit of gossip, and now was the perfect time to tell Vicky about what Ryan had said about the dance.

'Well - now don't freak out - but I was talking to Ryan today at school,' I saw her eyes grow wide as a slight smile crept onto her face.

'And?' she prodded me for more information.

'Ryan kind of let it slip that he knew who I was and when I asked him how he knew me, he told me that the football team sometimes talk about me.'

Her eyes grew impossibly wider.

'And - what have they been saying about you? I swear that if that cow Jessica was spreading rumours abo -'

'- no,' I cut her off. 'That's not it. He told me that sometimes the football team talk about me . . . because they think that I am . . . hot!' I blurted out. I couldn't help it. Vicky and I just burst out into laughter of joy.

'You wait until Jessica finds out about this - she is gunna hit the roof!' Vicky exclaimed between gasps and laughter, as she held her sides.

I began to feel my laughter die down and my sides got an unpleasant pain shoot through them and I knew that I had laughed so hard that I had given myself a stitch in my side.

****

Vicky and I ordered pizza - cheese - we are both vegetarian and when it arrived, we sat in Vicky's bed and watched some movie that was on the television. It was a good film, so Vicky and I just sat watching it - totally engrossed in the film.

We chatted, ate, drank pop, listened to music and watched the television.

All in all it had been a good night and I was glad that I had decided to stay here after all. It was turning out to be a good evening.

As I lay in my sleeping bag, I tried to imagine what would have happened in I had said yes t Ryan. I realised that Vicky would have walked straight in on us - how embarrassing would that have been!?!

As I lay there - thinking about Ryan, my favourite music and television shows and all of that other random and errant thought type stuff that entered my mind - I finally drifted off to sleep, feeling comfortable and happy with my decision of declining Ryan. I knew that it would be awkward between Ryan and I now, but just exactly how awkward would it be?

If you liked this and want me to write more, then please leave a comment below and give me a vote. If you don't like it please say why, or tell me how to improve.

All comments welcome.

Thanks for reading.

Xx

Chapter 4

# The Life Of A Teen; Chapter 4

i know that its really short. had a long day. comment? vote?

Chapter 4

It was Sunday morning and I was up and ready at the unbelievably early hour of six-forty-five in the morning. You may be wandering why I am up so early, and if you are, then that was not be totally uncalled for. Today was the first Sunday of November and Vicky and I would be off to the fair in just a few short minutes.

It had been two weeks since my little incident with Ryan, but, surprisingly, things between us had been

completely normal - he ignored me and I ignored him. I was beginning to wonder whether he even remembered anything that had gone on that night. Jessica was just as bitchy as ever, and everything seemed to be in perfect harmony.

I got my shoes on, went downstairs, grabbed my purse and went to wait for Vicky outside in the front yard. It was one of those really cold mornings that made you shiver, even with a big coat on, but was also sunny and everything was bathed in the most beautiful golden orange light.

Vicky arrived at my house, only moments later. I got into her car and her dad drove us to the fair. Vicky had sat in the backseat so that we could talk about boys, clothes, shopping - and did I mention boys already?

'So, what ever happened with you and Ryan? Weren't you two pretty smitten a few weeks ago?' this was the question that I had been trying to avoid for the past couple of weeks. Could I really lie to Vicky, my best friend of all time? I didn't think so, so I would just have to give her minor details.

'Nothing, Vicky, nothing happened between Ryan and I.' She lifted up one of her perfectly shaped eyebrows in a questioning was and I knew that she didn't believe me.

'Oh fine! So we were at the party and he was drunk and he "asked me out" and I said no, so can you just drop it please?' I saw her eyes grow wide and her mouth was practically touching the floor.

'Erin!' she moaned at me while hitting me with her bottle of coca cola energy drink that she had bought with her. 'Why didn't you tell me about this? This happened weeks ago,' she said. She looked so exasperated and disappointed with the fact that I hadn't told her.

'And you said no? Well, why, why would you say no to him?' because he didn't really like me. That was exactly what I wanted to say.

'Because we don't like each other that way.' She looked at me in a disappointed way, but at least she couldn't moan at me anymore now, as we pulled up outside the fair gates.

If you liked this and want me to write more, then please leave a comment below and give me a vote. If you don't like it please say why, or tell me how to improve.

All comments welcome.

Thanks for reading.

Xx

Chapter 5

# the life of a teen; chapter 5

so here is chapter 5. kinda short again . . . sorry. i just have so much course work! anyway, enjoy! :)

Chapter 5

This was possibly one of my favourite places in the entire world. I loved everything about it, from the cotton candy to the over flowing bins - well not so much the bins, but I think that it added character to the place.

There were a good dozen people crowded around a huge booth at the front as I walked in with Vicky at my side. I looked over to her to see her eyes light up as she caught the sight of the huge roller coasters

that had been set up temporarily. I watched as she skimmed the whole of the park with her eyes, mouth gaping open, not really knowing what to do first.

If somebody were to say that Vicky and I were completely obsessed with the fair, then you would only be half right. Although I did love the fair, I wasn't the one that could be caught with a calendar under her bed, like a little kid, waiting for the fair to arrive.

Yes, I will admit it; my best friend is a little bit of a narcissist. Although this fair isn't about her, she likes to make it appear so.

Every year they have a beauty competition, and every year Vicky takes part in and wins it. She is so shallow when it comes to things like this, but I can't blame her - I just let her have her fun.

So, naturally, that's the first place that she headed to. I tried to keep up with her as she made her way through the crowd, and I'll admit; it was majorly difficult!

I decided that the easiest way to make it out of here alive was to grab onto Vicky's hand, and so I did. I grabbed her hand tighter than ever before, and prayed for dear life that I didn't let go accidentally.

After about five minutes, we arrived at a tent that had been set up. It was inconspicuous and out of the way at the back of the park that the fair was in, by the skate ramps. I had always loved this park. It was where all of the 'cool' kids liked to hang. Now I'm not one to complain about stereotypes, but this park was generally for people like me; skaters, emos, punk people, Goths, so on and so forth. The problem with my town was that there was always a lack of people like me. I didn't know one person who listened to the same music as me. It would make me sad sometimes, but then I would remind myself that I was being stupid - that I shouldn't even care.

As we entered the tent, I was suddenly hit by an aroma of expensive foundation and Aloe Vera and lavender. Although I usually liked these smells, I just couldn't find them appealing, while I was stuck in a hot tent with them.

I looked up at Vicky, to shout and scream at her for nearly loosing

me, when I took a look at the hand that I was grabbing onto.

It wasn't Vicky hand - defiantly not! This hand looked masculine, in a delicate way. It was slightly tan and had good fingers. It looked . . . appealing. As odd as that sounded, it was the best way that I could describe it. It was the kind of hand that you would want to hold and never let go.

Of course, in my sudden round of gawking, I had completely forgotten that I was holding somebody's hand - and that somebody was not the hand of my best friend. Now, in some cliché Hollywood movie, this would be the hand of Ryan. He would be here to apologise for his behaviour at the dance, but this was real life not Hollywood.

I looked up to find myself caught in the gaze of some of the most beautiful, mint green, eyes that I had ever seen. It looked like nature had tried to catch its very essence in a pair of eyes - these eyes.

I looked from his eyes to the rest of his face - this defiantly was not Ryan. He had jet black hair - the kind that you can tell is natural - mint green eyes - everything about his face seemed perfect. I would have kept searching and studying his face, but I realised that I must seem like such an idiot, just standing here like I wasn't capable of thinking for myself.

I grabbed my hand away from his and his eyes looked almost disheartened by my minor rejection. i wasn't entirely sure that he had understood that my intent was not to get away from him - far from that - but to make him feel more comfortable - I was grabbing tightly onto his wrist after all!

I really hadn't ever been in a situation like this so was unsure of what to say, so I just said the first thing that popped into my head, stupid or not.

'I'm sorry!' I blurted out, all in a blundering slur of words, 'I was trying to find my friend Vicky but I guess I grabbed onto the wrong hand.' I was so glad, at that point in time, that I wasn't one of these girls that would blush at every opportunity. To be

perfectly honest, I never blushed - I didn't even know how to. It just wasn't something that I did, but I wasn't one to get embarrassed a lot either though.

I felt as . . . awkward . . . as I stood there, awaiting this mystery guys reply. He looked me straight in the eyes, as if recognising something there, before he decided to answer me.

'That's fine,' he replied with a warm smile on his face, 'I was glad to be of service. Hey, do I know you from anywhere - I feel like I recognise you, but I don't know where from . . .' he trailed off, while his forehead creased considerably, as if in thought, making his long mop of hair flop into his face in the cutest way possible.

'I don't think so,' I think I would have remembered somebody like him, but I couldn't say that - it wasn't like I had made a great first impression as it is. 'I'm Erin by the way, it's nice to meet you,' I greeted him, all be it slightly too late, while all too eagerly grabbing his hand again to shake it. I know that I had only just met him and all, but I really did like the feel

of his skin on mine, as I felt my heart beat speed up erratically as if it had created a mind of its own.

He seemed to smile at the small insignificant gesture, before replying to my conversation breaker.

'Hello, I'm Spike. Well, that's what everybody calls me anyway,' spike, what an unusual nickname.

'Spike, why do they call you that?' hmmm . . . he was cute and mysterious - he seemed like a generally nice guy.

He seemed to blush at that - oh, he was a blusher, but in a cute and slightly adorable way. 'Well, umm . . . see we do javelin in P.E once and I accidently threw one and I hit my teacher with it. He was okay,' he added as he caught the sight of my worried face, 'it's just that I could never remember what they called Javelins so I just shouted out "oh no, I got a spike in his leg" much to the amusement of my friends, so the name stuck since then. 'I looked up to his sincere eyes, trying to take his story seriously, without giggling, and failing miserably.

'Well, it's nice to meet you spike.'

If you liked this and want me to write more, then please leave a comment below and give me a vote. If you don't like it please say why, or tell me how to improve.

All comments welcome.

Thanks for reading.

Xx

Chapter 6

# the life of a teen - chapter 6

Chapter 6

'So what are doing here then, Spike? I assume you're not here for the beauty competition?' I mean, I didn't think that he was, but looking at him I wasn't so sure that my joking was actually ... joking.

'Err, actually I am. I love the fair, and the beauty competition - I mean I know that it's for girls, but I think I have decent chance this year. What do you think?' I looked away from his face, hoping to hide the shock that I am sure it was portraying a considerable amount of.

So, let's weigh things out here - on the one hand, he is cute, funny and just generally a nice person. On the other hand, he likes to dress up as a woman and enter the beauty competition every year. I knew that that shouldn't affect my view of him, but I had to admit - I was slightly freaked out.

I looked back to his face, and could see his eyes roaming over mine, as if in an attempt to figure out what I was thinking - waiting for an answer no doubt.

'Oh ... err ... well, you know ... I am a very ... err ... what I mean is ... I am very ... open ... to new ideas ...' I felt like the words were just stumbling out of my mouth, as if drunk and having no clue what was going on around them. I felt so embarrassed, which was something that didn't happen all too often.

He looked at me as if he were about to burst into tears - begging for my understanding. I felt such a horrible person. I couldn't let this small difference interrupt my view of him as a whole person. 'Oh my god, I am so sorry.' I whispered lightly, barely sure that he could actually hear what I was saying.

I looked up into his eyes, mine - I was sure - were begging for him to accept my apology, when his suddenly lightened and he bent over as a mass of continuous laughter escaped from his mouth. He looked as if he were about to cry, only this time he would be crying from the sheer amount of laughter that he could not seem to control.

'Oh my god ... your face ... you actually thought ...' and that was all he could manage to say before I wacked him on his arm with all of the strength that I could muster.

'I hate you! Why would you...?' and once again I hit him as hard as I could on his arm. That was so mean! I was near enough questioning my whole life there, and for that; he would have to pay.

I stood there hitting him for what must have been a good five minutes, and all it did was make him laugh harder. We were attracting a fair amount of attention now, but I didn't care, because all I wanted to do was to hurt him for playing such an obvious trick on me.

'Hey, I'm really sorry, but I just couldn't resist. Your face was too funny not to!' so now that he had

sobered up considerably, he was apologising. I knew that I couldn't stay mad at him; I had just met him after all.

'Its fine ... so why are you here really? And no more tricks, okay?' I could feel one of my eyebrows raise slightly, and involuntarily, as I waited for his reply. He looked so tempted to say something that I knew would be a lie, but I could see the defeat as he decided that it would be better to tell the truth.

'I'm here for my sister - she is so obsessed with this show, but I never came with her before. I mean, I was going to an, all boy's, boarding school, but I'm back here for the next couple of years for college, so I thought I would come and, you know, support her or whatever.' He moved his hand to the back of his neck and I could tell that he wasn't here of his own accord, but I wouldn't push the subject. 'Are you taking part? In the competition, I mean.'

That was surprising. Why would I be taking part in a competition like this? 'Oh, no, I am so not good enough for a competition like this. I'm here for my friend Vicky. This is pretty much her favourite time

of year, to be honest.' I saw his eyes light up in understanding, now a lighter shade of green.

'My sister is exactly like that! She pretty much wins every year, but you know how it is, girls and their obsessions - oh, I didn't mean you! I'm sorry!' I couldn't help and laugh at him for that. Bless him.

'That's okay. As you can probably tell I'm not really into the whole "make-up and clothes" thing. I'm just here for Vicky. Yep, these next few weeks could be pure torture to be honest - I will hear no end of competition talk!' I said as I rolled my eyes, showing just how clearly I and un-seriously I took this whole competition.

'Mine too you know. Every year she spends hours on the phone telling me about all of her clothes and make up and stuff - it may very well kill me!' at that we both laughed, happy to be in a lighter happier mood than this competition usually brought with it. 'Come on, we should probably go and find the girls,' he said, still laughing

lightly.

And with that he led me through the crowd of people who were now inside the tent with us. We walked to the back of the tent and stopped outside the changing rooms. 'Err - maybe you should wait here?' I suggested reasonably. This was a women's changing room after all.

'Yeah, maybe that would be best,' he replied, agreeing with me profusely. I smiled at him shyly, a gesture just to let him know that I would soon be back, and I went into the changing rooms, to discover that all of the girls were ready and lined up to go on stage. I turned around quickly and called to spike to let him know that it was now safe for him to follow me into the tent.

Once he had followed me into the tent, we walked over to the line of girls at the back, all waiting to go onto stage. As soon as I spotted Vicky standing in the line - looking half scared to death - I walked over to her, completely forgetting about spike.

'Hey Vicky, are you nervous?' I asked, already knowing the answer. She looked, well beautiful, in her gorgeous, cream coloured, flowing dress. It went

to just below her knees and complemented her so well. 'Your gunna be amazing! There is so way on this earth that you won't get through the first round, or any round for that matter!' I gave her a smile, which she replied with very shyly.

That's when we heard a horrible, shrill, voice scream so loud that it would be impossible not to try and find where it came from.

'OH MY GOD, SPIKE! IT'S SPIKE!' well, I guess that was spikes sister then - wait, this cannot be happening! I would know that voice anywhere, and I just couldn't believe it. Surprise, surprise, I guess these Disney channel clichés really do happen - and they took the form of Jessica cross.

As I watched her jump up and down in excitement of seeing her brother again, I felt my face turn to that of total shock.

The one nice boy I had met outside of school, and he was related to that ... that tramp, Jessica. Could this day possibly get any worse?

I knew that I shouldn't speak so soon, as the commentator began to call out the names of all those who were entering the competition. As they entered one by one, the room pilling out, I was left with just spike.

'So Jessica is your sister then?' I let just the slightest bit of acid roll off of my tongue and the thought of her. I looked up at him, feeling ever so angry at him, even though this was not his fault.

'Yeah, you know her? Oh,' he said, as comprehension dawned upon him. 'I guess she can be kind of-'

'A bitch?' I couldn't help it as the words rolled of my tongue. 'Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that.' I said, shaking my head slightly.

Yes you did,' he replied, nodding his head slightly. 'And that's okay with me. Look, Erin, do you want to come round some time? I'll prove to you that she can actually be nice. And she won't even see us, we will be sneaky.' He added as he caught sight of my

frightened gaze.

'Well, okay then. As long as she never knows that I am there!' I couldn't help but smile as he grabbed my hand and led me towards that stage to watch the show.

:D I like writing, you know? LOL! So yeah, if you comment I love you, if you vote I love you, hey, if you have read this far then I love you! XD hugs! (>")><("<)

Thanks for reading.

Xx

Chapter 7

# Life of a Teen - chapter 7

I know that it's incredibly short, but there'll be more tomorrow :) plus at one in the morning, i'm sleepy! :P

Happy reading!

Chapter 7

As usual Vicky was amazing. She thrashed the competition – including Jessica, much to her annoyance – and she still managed to look gorgeous when squealing like a piglet and jumping about the stage, happy to win yet again. I spent the whole time sitting on one of those plastic white garden chairs next to spike. I couldn’t help but look over at him every now and then, catching a glimpse of that dark

hair as he pushed it back out of his eyes. He seemed to get more beautiful by the minute, but I guess the good looks must run in the family – Jessica was exactly the same.

Once the show was over I went out to me Vicky, and Spike to meet Jessica. Once again she gave me an incredibly dirty look when she saw me walk out just behind Spike. I knew that she wouldn't say anything with her brother here, but I didn't really want to risk it, so I just walked straight over to find Vicky in a crowd of people all wanting to congratulate her. I found that after the whole Jessica ordeal I just wanted to go home, but I knew that Vicky would want to stay, and I had to admit that the prospect of seeing Ryan in an out of school environment. I knew that I still wanted to speak to him, to try and work out why he would be so hot then so cold, all in two days.

After fighting through the crowd I finally got to Vicky, who seemed glad to have an excuse to leave. She put her new little trophy into her rucksack with her clothes and we headed outside. Vicky's eyes instantly

lit up as she took in the sight of all the rides, stalls and other amusements. But there was really no competition; it was obvious that Vicky was destined to go straight to the cotton candy and corndogs. The one thing you have to give Vicky credit for was that she could eat her way through anything!

As we sat down eating corndogs and nachos I realised that there really was no reason for me to be miserable. I had just met someone who seemed to be a really good guy, even if his sister was the epitome of evil.

I couldn't decide whether or not I really wanted to see Spike again though. On the one hand the idea of going to see him at his house was appealing – I get the feeling that I'd feel more comfortable out with him than I would with Ryan – but on the other I know that it would just be easier to leave it and forget that he ever existed.

But it was as if fate was helping make the decision. Just at that moment I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned round to see Spike smiling brightly at me. 'Hey Erin, I was just wandering if maybe I could talk

to you?' I looked over to see Vicky giving me that look she gets when something exciting has happened, but she can't let it out yet.

I stood up and followed Spike over to just behind that food stand, and stood waiting for him to speak. I knew that I didn't really know him that well but I couldn't help but like Spike. He was so different to his sister – he was turning out to be the perfect guy.

'So, about you coming over to mine some time? No pressure or anything, I just don't know if I'll see you again.' I could see that he looked slightly nervous, holding his hands behind his back, and letting his hair fall just over the top of his eyes.

He was clearly waiting for a response but I didn't really know what to say. It seemed a bit forward to go over to his house when I barely knew him. Yes we had had a great few hours together, laughing, arguing, and obviously flirting, but did I really want to be alone with him like that? So I made a decision that I felt would work for both of us.

‘I can’t say when I’ll be free, but if you wanted to then maybe we could swap numbers?’ this seemed to satisfy him, as I saw his eyes brighten ever so lightly.

‘Sure,’ he said, as he popped out his little black flip phone. I was always embarrassed when I had to get out my tiny little bright pink phone. It was decorated with little silver diamantes – anyone who knew me could easily tell that this phone had been picked out by my mother.

I was determined to hide the phone from Spike, knowing exactly what he would think when he saw it. As we swapped numbers I felt as though I was finally going to get to know a boy without him being like Ryan, who just happened to be my only little bit of experience.

I spent the rest of the day with Vicky, visiting each stall in turn, trying out the newest roller coasters, and generally having a good time. The thought of boys had completely left my head as I joined in with Vicky's success, and enjoyed being a 17 year old girl.

Vicky and I both walked reluctantly over to her dad’s car when he came to pick u up, neither of us wanting

to leave, and I got in the back seat. It was then that I looked out the window and saw Ryan stood staring at me, before looking away and joining back in the conversation with Jessica and Spike. I could tell now that that trio of teens was going to make things difficult.

Chapter 8

# Life of a teen - chapter 8

Chapter 8

Back at school Monday morning and I wasn't looking forward to seeing Ryan again. Last time I had seen him, I had caught him staring at me, and I didn't really know what to do about it. At first I thought he genuinely liked me, but his little performance at the dance had proved that wrong. I know that he had been drunk but what does that really mean?

I walked over to my locker after second period. Opening the door I picked up my phone. No new messages. I had given Spike my number at the fair,

and although he seemed really interested in meeting up he hadn't tried to contact me since.

I looked over to Vicky. 'Still nothing,' I couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed as we walked slowly towards class.

'Maybe he's just busy? Or waiting! You know, like in the movies … I'm pretty sure they're supposed to wait a while before talking to you again.' The thought was nice but I think we both new I'd been ditched.

And with that I walked into my math class. I walked swiftly over to my seat – arriving slightly early meant that although I still had to sit next to Jessica I could avoid having to walk in with her staring at me. Plus I didn't know how she would feel about me talking to her brother.

As per usual, Jessica was destined to spend the next couple weeks being extra vicious to both me and Vicky. Every year she was beaten to the title of Beauty Queen, and she hated it. In keeping with this she stormed into the room in a huff, head held high, before sitting down in her seat and giving me that look that says that she plans on making my next few

weeks of life a living hell. I know that Spike said that she could be really nice, but I still didn't believe him.

The hour, as usual, went by fast. I was pretty good at math so I just sat there working through the equations I had been given until the bell rang. Deciding to avoid Jessica I packed up my thing just before the bell went, then left just as it did.

I was sitting at the lunch table, picking the green nail polish off my finger when I felt Vicky sit down next to me. 'You know Vick, I was thinking, maybe we should go into town after school? I've been meaning to pick some new nail varnish up; I'm getting so bored of this green now.'

I waited for an answer, but when I didn't get one I looked up to see Vicky's response – only it wasn't Vicky. Sitting there next to me, with a coy smile on his face was Ryan. I just sat there staring, mouth gaping, until I came back to myself and realized how stupid I must be looking.

'Hey, Erin,' he looked at me expectantly, but when I didn't answer he carried on. 'So, I was thinking – the other night at the dance … I was really drunk and I

know I came on way too strong. I was wondering if maybe I could make it up to you.'

I didn't really know what to say. On the one hand it was nice that he was as close to an apology as I was going to get, but then again he could be trying to play me – this was Jessica's worst time of year after all.

'How exactly did you plan to make it up to me?' I have every right to be suspicious – how did I know he wasn't just going to do the same? And judging by the movies I'd seen there's a very good chance that 'making it up to me' was just his was of trying it on.

'Let me take you out to dinner. We could go to a movie – I'll pay! Please, just give me a chance.' I couldn't help but look at his face, so full of promise, and smile.

'Fine, but just once, and I don't want any more funny business.'

He looked at me again, smiling widely. 'You won't regret it,' and with that he jumped up from the chair and ran off out the lunch room.

I couldn’t wait to tell Vicky, I needed to see what she thought about this whole thing, but I still wanted to know what was happening with Spike.

Chapter 9

# Life of a teen - chapter 9

Chapter 9

That night I invited Vicky over to mine, as my parents were out at some work party the company my dad was designing for was having, and so I knew they wouldn't be back.

We sat on the sofa in our pajamas, some old black and white zombie movie on the TV, while we nattered away about Ryan. It seemed that Vicky, too, was just as excited as I was.

'It's exciting, you know, you finally having someone decent paying attention to you. Look at me; I'm still stuck with those creepy guys who come into work on

a Friday night!' It had to be said, Vicky didn't exactly have the best of luck when it came to guys, but she was the kind of person who could happily just laugh it off and continue with her day.

'Hey, do you fancy walking to the shop to get some more munch?' I didn't really feel like it, bit Vicky was being very adamant about getting her own way, so I agreed. On went a pair of jeans and a t-shirt.

I put on some shoes, and opening the door to be greeted by a blinding light. Squinting against it, I couldn't see a thing, but Vicky pulled me to the side of what turned out to be a car – a limo to be exact. And out the top stood Ryan, rose in his mouth and a cheeky grin playing at his cheeks. I could help but smile. I'd been at school with this guy for years, and although I had noticed him, he had never really been anywhere close to interested in me, but I guess this changed things.

I didn't even know what to say, I was literally rendered speechless. And there was me not really wanting the date all that much, but why wouldn't I

when this really great guy came with a limo to my house to surprise me?

‘I didn’t know how long you would agree to this for so I thought I’d better hurry things up,’ he explained. I still couldn’t think of what to say, so I just smiled up at him. There was no hiding my excitement though; I was hooked on the idea of Ryan.

He clambered out of the vehicle, somewhat ungracefully, and came to stand in front of me, close enough to reach out and touch him. It was a tempting idea, but I still didn’t trust him – that was something I planned on making him earn.

He reached up and grabbed my hand. I may have wanted to pull away, but there was no way that I was actually going to – this was the first time in a long time that someone had actually held my hand.

‘I know I said we would do the whole generic movie and dinner thing, but I thought maybe you might prefer this?’ and he was right. I wasn’t exactly a fan of being on a date with someone and having people watch your every move.

He led me over to the limo and opened the door for me. He was being such a gentleman, but as nice as it was, I couldn't help but feel slightly awkward and underdressed; my jeans and t-shirt ensemble wasn't exactly flattering.

I had some time while Ryan walked around to the other door, so I spent it checking my reflection in the mirror and smoothing my hair down. He quickly opened the door and jumped in, and we were on our way. To where exactly, I didn't know, but what did it really matter? The windows were blacked out so I couldn't see anyway.

'What about Vicky?' I asked, suddenly panicked. I hadn't even thought when we left that she would be left by herself outside my house.

'She's fine. In fact, she's the reason I was able to sort this out tonight.' I was grateful to Vicky for this, but I still couldn't help but feel guilty at leaving her behind. If anything did happen with Ryan, I guess I would just have to get used to not having her around as much.

Just thinking about it got my heart thudding. It wasn't because I really felt anything for Ryan, but he was charming and, let's face it, easy enough on the eyes. So even though that 'spark' wasn't there, I still couldn't help but get butterflies in my stomach when he sat next to me, and I hadn't stopped thinking about him since the night of the dance. So maybe I did like him. What did I know? I wasn't overly experienced with all of this. Don't get me wrong I wasn't exactly a nun or anything, but I wasn't a massive guy magnet either.

We sat silently for a while; I think neither of us really knew what to say. As romantic as it was, the gesture had come from someone who I barely knew, and I did feel slightly uncomfortable in this car with him. Everything seemed overly intimate.

'So, Erin, how's school been?' I could tell that small talk may be on the agenda for a while tonight, if not all night, however long that may be.

'Good thanks. I think Jessica's going to be a pain the next few weeks, but I'm sure I can cope.' Small talk was definitely not my forte.

‘I could have a word with her if you like? I am her right hand man after all,’ he gave me a wink.

And so the night began. The laughing, the fun, the chatting, the drinking – yes, I said drinking. It’s not that I don’t like drinking, or that I’m opposed to it, it’s just that I don’t really know many people who drink other than my parents, and I wasn’t exactly going to drink with them now, was I?

But of course, with my lack of drinking experience, it was affecting me more than I had anticipated. I felt as though my head was heavy and the world was spinning – like I wasn’t really in control of myself anymore.

I looked over to Ryan as he smiled back at me. For some reason everything felt okay. As silly as that sounded, it was true; I felt as though everything was a good idea.

The more I drank, the worse it got, until eventually Ryan decided to cut me off.

‘I think you’ve had enough for one night, missy. I shouldn’t have let you drink that much in the first place.’

I was blindingly aware of the fact that I was far more out of control than Ryan was, and was embarrassed for it. I needed to sober up, but I really didn’t know how.

I sat up straight in the seat, but lost my balance slightly and found that my head had seen fit to lean itself against Ryan’s shoulder.

We both looked into each other’s eyes for a while, not really knowing what to do. OF course, this was the point when Ryan decided to lean down and kiss me. Looking back on this I should have seen it coming, but in my current state I was in no position to be making judgments on any situation.

This time, however, was different from before. The kiss was softer, and less urgent. The way his lips pressed against mine, the way they moved, made it obvious that he knew what he was doing. We were like that for a while, just making out in the backseat.

It didn’t occur to me at the time that this may have been what he wanted all along, and I still didn’t quite understand his motives for wanting to take me out.

After what seemed like a very long time, we both pulled away from each other.

‘Better get you home.’ It seemed Ryan had a knack for thinking up good ideas.

So he took me home, we said goodbye, and then he left. As vague as the night was to me, I sure as hell knew that I had had a good time.

There was always so much for me to tell Vicky, but this topped everything. Still, it all meant that I needed to consider telling Vicky about what happened after the dance, and I didn’t particularly want her knowing.

But for now I was home, and tucked up in bed that was all I cared about.

# About the Author

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